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By reference to another department of the *Journal*, our readers will find a list of books selected and kept for sale by the Harmonial Association of this city. It will be seen that this list comprises those works which have the most intimate relation to the constitution, laws, and improvement of Man,—viewing him in the several stages of his progress as he ascends the majestic scale of being, which reaches from his lowest rudimental state to his entrance into a higher Sphere. In this selection the sublimated principles of Spiritual Philosophy are viewed as constituting the loftiest portions of the divine temple of Truth, which must rest on the deep foundation of physiological laws and conditions,—while all these combined have a natural tendency toward the enlightenment and reformation of the race, as the ultimate end towards which they are directed. Let these works be read, studied and practiced, and the world will grow rapidly wiser and better.

The attention of the public is particularly invited to the fact that this *Journal* is now furnished to its subscribers at the low rate of fifty cents per annum; and that its contents will be supplied by contributions from advanced and distinguished minds on the subjects which it may legitimately embrace.

Principles of Reform.

AN EXAMINATION OF EVANGELICAL THEOLOGY.

THE PLAN OF CREATION.

SANDUSKY, Ohio, July 20., 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND : I can not avoid thinking that you alluded to my comments upon your deceased beloved brother's spiritual presence, in an unwelcome and dogmatical spirit. It is true that much popular odium and prejudice exist against these new revelations, yet this really is no cause that should preclude their investigation; for honest and earnest seekers for truth should not be trammelled by such influences. And with regard to your own views and feelings, you, having the same interest at stake as myself, should feel a corresponding pleasure in the successful attainment of truth. No doubt you will concede that in point of interest, other questions of the greatest magnitude sink into less than insignificance in the comparison; for of what consequence are the matters of a few fleeting years to those of an eternity, —a duration of time which millions of centuries multiplied by themselves give only a faint conception of even the beginning, stretching beyond all capacity of thought in the idea of its continuance, and defying all power of computation in the conception of its termination! And yet the interests of time appear of such momentous importance, that the being who would trust even *them* to the exclusive guidance and direction of others, would be held a fit subject for the insane hospitals. Comments, then, but weaken the force of the self evident conviction that we are in duty bound to obtain all possible knowledge of the future, and hence that our most candid, serious, and earnest attention should be engaged, until that is accomplished. I propose, therefore, to give the subject as searching an examination as my powers are capable of, and trust that you will also accompany me, to determine whether or not the truth is elicited.

In taking a retrospective view of our situation and circumstances, we find that we are conscious, sensuous beings, attached to an orb in illimitable space, associated with myriads of beings like ourselves, and vast numbers of animals, having intelligence inferior to our own. We also see vegetation having life, but no apparent consciousness, and

minerals of diverse and numerous qualities, all of which cause us to experience pleasure and pain, joy and misery, according to circumstances. We find, too, that we are creatures of a sensual nature having wants and appetites to gratify, and interests to promote, and observe that by the *selfish enjoyment* of these propensities, sin and evils are created, and exist amongst us. We observe further, that after a period of time creatures like ourselves, and many of those whom we daily love, cease to exist any longer amongst us, by which experience we know that we, too, must, sooner or later, share the same fate.

From our inherent desire of life, and the knowledge we have of the perpetuity of matter, we are led to believe, or at least hope, that we, too, do not become extinct, but that death is merely an outward change, a casting off of mortal garments, by which our conscious principle, or identity, is disencumbered from flesh and blood, and enabled to assume its immortal spiritual existence. Our selfish natures, and love of life, cause us to suppose, and hope, that in this state we may be happy; but as we know that sin and imperfection exist during our earth-life, and that punishment follows their commission, we are led to have doubts and fears as to the condition of that future. To remove or confirm these doubts, and to explain and instruct us in regard to that future, in all ages and periods of history theories have been advanced, and real or pretended revelations offered, which in time have grown into a vast subject, known as religion. Having thus determined the foundation, we are now prepared to examine the superstructure, and satisfy ourselves whether it is harmoniously and beautifully developed by truth, as dictated from reason, observation, and good sense, which must, by candid persons, be acknowledged as the only standard for correct knowledge.

In our age and country, we find the Bible accepted by the great mass for their manual of religious instruction; while the interpretations known as evangelical, are regarded as orthodox, and most generally adopted. And so long have the agents, or ministers of those doctrines, controlled the popular mind, that in effect they have acquired, and exert, the prerogative of exclusively managing our immortal destinies. To the shackles they cause to be worn, may be assigned the odium I at first mentioned, and although repulsive to freedom of thought and action, and at antipodes with the principles of progressive liberty and knowledge, yet have their power and influence become so general, that it is no easy thing, even in this republican land, boasting of liberty of conscience and free expression of opinion, to question the authenticity, or truth, of the doctrines promulgated by them. The cry of infidel, heretic, atheist, and other odious terms, is at once raised, and the searcher for truth becomes an outcast of society, or is restrained by quarantine regulations. I know by experience that my own reputation has been injured by entertaining opinions *it was out of my power to change*. It is no wonder, then, that none but the most fearless and bold reformers have the courage to stem this popular torrent, and expose to view the truth, and errors, as they really exist. Such is my present purpose; and I hope that you will endeavor to shake off those influences, while making the examination of these popular doctrines, to which I now invite you.

They first assume that a Deity of infinite holiness, perfection, and wisdom existed, who conceived and executed the plan of creating the universe; that, after adorning our world with plants and animals, He created man, as its chief executive and most intelligent creature; that, upon blessing him, pronouncing him good, and commanding him to multiply and subdue the earth, he placed sin and temptation before him, too powerful for him to resist, and thereby caused him to fall. What the purpose of this assumed perfect and holy Deity was, in thus changing his good work, and of bringing sin and misery, disease and death into the world, is not explained. It is self evident, however, that he thereby destroyed the happiness he had given to man; and by causing him to multiply, he entailed wretchedness upon the myriads of beings springing from him, who would otherwise have been happy. Whether the motive was anger, mere experiment, or ultimate good to man, is mysterious; but judging from his subsequent acts, this infinitely wise and perfect Deity does not seem to have regarded the fall of man, and his eternal ruin, as of sufficient consequence to have formed any matur-

ed plan concerning him. He seems to have done an act *thoughtlessly*, which has since given him the greatest anxiety to revoke. When man first fell, his anger was so great that he drove him from the home of pleasure he had created for him, into a world cursed for his sake, and covered with thorns and stones, and compelled him to supply the wants of life by the aching pains of toil, and sweat of his brow.

The wrath of the Deity seems to have been maintained near two thousand years, and instead of redeeming mankind from their fallen state, and regaining the love and confidence of his creatures, they became so desperately and universally wicked, that but one family on the whole earth acknowledged his allegiance. The unchangeable Deity now *repented in his heart* that he had made man; but instead of cancelling his wrath, or destroying man's capacity of reproduction, and thereby preventing further unhappiness to himself, or to man, he decided upon another, and very different plan of action. This was to destroy the whole earth, with all its population, both human and animal, excepting mere germs to again replenish it. The result of this determination shows that, instead of having mercy as its basis, his curse upon the first parents for yielding to the temptation placed before them, not yet being appeased by the sacrifice of probably ten thousand millions of their children, demanded myriads of new victims yet to be born; for at the end of another two thousand years, but one and that an insignificant nation-regarded his laws. Such was their depravity and wickedness, and so necessary was it that at least some portion of mankind should be rescued from the effects of the wrath mother Eve has entailed on her posterity, he determined to come down to earth, and instruct his chosen, but wicked and degenerate nation, as to the means of escaping therefrom, and of acquiring salvation. He spent three years in the public duties of this mission, and, by either accident or design, so exasperated them that they decreed his crucifixion as a common malefactor. When his doom was inevitable, a streak of mercy came upon him, for the first time, and he determined to cancel or appease something he held against them, by taking their sins upon himself and suffering for three days, the sum total of misery, which an eternity would otherwise have inflicted upon them. What these exquisite tortures appeased, (unless it be to save innocent beasts from the altar) he never divulged; for the original sin of mother Eve, in yielding to the temptation she was created too weak to resist, appears to be in force against her children as much since, as before the crucifixion; and if the mission of God upon earth really accomplished anything, it is not to be found within the lids of the Bible, as explained by popular theologians. Universalists, however, claim that his suffering extinguished his wrath, and that man is never relieved from the sin originally charged to him; and that since that period, God wills his creatures to eternal salvation. But as their doctrines are not generally received, they do not come under our present examination.

We have now considered two eras in Theological History. With the last has terminated God's relation to, and direct intercourse with, his Earth-children. Since then, the work has been left wholly to the ministration of persons called by fortuitous circumstances, who act as mediators, or instructors, to convey and explain his will to man. I think you will agree with me, that the subjects have been presented in a plain, matter-of-fact light thus far; and, I trust, without misrepresentation. Evangelical Theology is here exhibited in its nakedness, divested only of the sacred cloak of superstition and religious awe, in which it is generally invested. It looks strange that such a perfect Deity should have made so many experiments, and so many decided blunders; but when we come to weigh the terrific consequences resulting from them, we shall find it replete with horror, as thus far it has been of weakness and folly. Man's wisdom, in planning and executing such comprehensive matters, may well suggest that mercy would dictate SUPREME HAPPINESS as the only object worthy of the Creator—that conferring anything short of it upon the creatures he designated as the most exalted of his works, would leave creation either unfinished, or seriously marred in its most glorious and perfect portion. The pride of any artisan would cause him to leave no efforts unspared to reach the highest possible perfection in any important work of beauty, use, or grandeur. And the supposition is unavoidable, that if the

Creator was a perfect and holy being, he would never have given way to the impulses of anger, or have tried experiments upon man, knowing they would result in his eternal misery. Or, if he was but a finite and imperfect being, he would, if endowed with only ordinary human feeling, upon witnessing the consequences resulting from his wrath, have speedily concluded that he would do something in less than four thousand years toward removing or cancelling it. Yet this holy Being even then devised nothing that we can state with certainty; and while professing the utmost anxiety and proposing so many plans for man's salvation, he really seems to be content to do nothing more for him, but suffers him to travel in the broad road to destruction, with a percentage of misery that is frightful to contemplate, as we shall soon see by calculation.

In my next we shall examine the results of God's professed efforts to save his children from the effects of his own wrath, and make them happy.

Yours very truly,

GEO. B. SMITH.

RULE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

C. HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

THERE is a rule by which to solve the great secret of human enjoyment. That rule is simple and natural. It may be called an infallible rule, because it is immutably established in the nature of things. I shall boldly utter the truth, however positively it may oppose education, habit, custom, or human law. There is no necessity of compromising right in this matter. The time has come when men will bear a little meat. Milk for babes, but meat for men, was an ancient proverb. The rule of human life should be, consistency with nature or consistency with the conditions to which mind is subject. The opposite of this rule is the cause of much suffering among men. Whenever a man or woman violates this immutable rule, it is practically a denial of the wisdom of God, and necessity involves the mind in the slippery path of atheism. They who contradict the wisdom of God in nature are practical atheists; they disown his wisdom; they repudiate his truth, and they sacrifice the soul to pacify human divinity. Man-divinity is selfish; it has a lying tongue; it speaks evil of natural things, and yet owns that natural things are the work of God. It has an unsympathizing soul; for it looks upon the beautiful works of infinite Wisdom, and talks of the depravity, the sinfulness of those works which God has made, and the red hot furnace which God has built, to confine these works in, because they are what he has made them to be. It is not truthful, because it makes God wrong his creatures by nature, and by duration of the soul.

The natural man is the work of God; the unnatural man is the artificial robe of inharmonious conditions, a man who has no self-hood, no individuality, save what is encased in the cage of human discipline. The unnatural man lies outward, it is a kind of coating put on for appearance, it is not white nor black, but changeable. The inner man is God's work; the outward man is the work of man-divinity. It has no brains, nor heart, nor life. All it can do is to act as man shall direct; it is like an automaton, and serves to amuse the operator while he receives his fee for the performance. It must be held up, or it will fall down; it must be fed and nursed, or it will return to dust. Like all heathen deities, it demands much care and homage, or ruin and decay will release the prisoner within, and bid him go free. This unnatural man is the external habiliments of the living spirit. It is unnatural because it is unsuited to the soul. There is not, nor can be, any sympathy between the real spirit, and the unreal cloak which is vainly assumed to work its way to heaven. The outward garb, the external man is deceptive; it changes its face to secure a prize; it is face on all sides, and all sides to all men. With a countenance of brass, it claims to be refined gold; with a tongue to use enticing words, it speaks of charity, but makes charity sacrifice to her command—makes charity bow to her with generous aid—lie down in the highway that she may step on its neck, or maintain her forever in working against the harmony of natural affinities.

The natural man is free; it is no slave to habit, custom or law.

The natural man is not governed by law, but lives in harmony with natural wants and pleasures. Whatever promotes its happiness without injury to any other mind is right, and right because good. Whatever is good neither natural nor moral law forbids, but encourages minds to enjoy. Whatever is not forbidden by natural or moral law, or by the natural rights of others, mind may do, and whatever is not contrary to natural and moral law, but natural to human wants and happiness, should be done. All rules, and customs, and laws, contravening and denying natural and moral law, or the principle aforesaid, are man-divinities worthy only to be remembered and followed no more.

What then doth a man need? He needs nothing which makes him wretched, but every thing which will make him happy. He needs what will satisfy his natural wants, and no more. He needs no wants of custom, fashion, pride, extravagance, folly; and, when he has such wants, he may be sure they are artificial. Natural wants are such as nature justifies—such as are essential to individual being and happiness. Unnatural wants are such as are induced by ignorance, vanity, pride, law, custom, tradition, education, error, man-divinity and idolatry. There is no natural want in man that is wrong; but laws and customs have disarranged the social condition of mankind to such an extent, that wants have been created, or denied, or realized with gratification to some, and refusal to others, until society is menaced with thieves and robbers, and prisons are made to suppress the evils.

The unnatural desires of man are created by misplaced conditions. Were all things properly arranged, there would be no thief, nor robber, nor traducer, nor seducer, nor any other criminal in human society. All these sinners arise out of wrong arrangement in society. And among the disorders of such society, very many well-meaning men and women have contributed their full share to promote, though intending to mitigate the evil. They have sought to cure society of its evils, but their remedies have proved more intolerable than the disease. They have made man a sinner by making laws and penalties to correct him. They have shut him out of heaven on earth, and turned him into hell afterwards. They have cursed him with ten thousand fears, and forced him to hypocritically acknowledge a great many errors. They have told him God was for war and for peace, for wrath and for love, and that nature was inconsistent with revelation. Such is man-divinity, and such is and has been man-idolatry, that inequalities have arisen, customs have been established, laws have been exacted, until common humanity was excited, justice turned aside, and natural and moral law disregarded. Then mind wondered at the depravity of God's work, not caring to look at its own—not wishing to know the real cause, but content to charge the blame on the Being who made all things well.

The rule of right consists in refraining from all doings which injure the doers or others; and in doing all things which will benefit the doer, and others. Right is right because it is good, agreeable, and satisfactory; because it induces enjoyment, contentment, happiness; and wrong is wrong because it destroys, prevents, or disturbs the bliss of mind. Now, let it be remembered, that all men, of every generation, have a right to be happy; and each one has a right to do that which will secure it to himself, or herself, without invading the rights of another. I say, each man and woman has a right to be happy, and to do any and all things which will make them so; but each man and woman has no right to intrude upon, or molest the rights of others. All things are right which do good and not evil; nothing is right which induces evil and not good. Hence, the rule is clear: whatever makes man or woman more happy, and no one more unhappy, it is lawful to do, and that which is an injury to any man, or woman, or child, it is unlawful to do. By this rule, all acts may be estimated, and right and wrong determined.

All laws, customs, habits, fashions, forms, services, no matter what may be their antiquity, or in what record they may be found, which require any man, or woman to do that which is inconsistent with happiness, either to the doer or others, should be repudiated, discarded, and disobeyed. All laws, customs, habits, fashions, forms, services, duties, employments, which make man and woman happy, and not miserable, should be respected and obeyed.

The customs and laws of human society have required men and women to obey them, because they were customs and laws, and not always because they were adapted to make them happy. He who has violated either has been called a sinner, he has been supposed to be an outcast from the favor of God, and a subject of divine displeasure; but, in the Spirit-world, nothing is divine which supposes revenge or injury, and no law or custom has any claim upon spirits which threatens enforcement, because it can not win respect. All customs and laws which solicit obedience on the ground that God will punish disobedience, have no power to induce respect in themselves; and that which has no respect in itself, man and woman can not respect, what ever may be the consequences. The ancient custom and law which required men and women to sacrifice meat unto God, to make atonement for their sins, never did the sacrificer, or any other person, the least conceivable good; but it did much injury. They who paid for their sins by sacrifice would most assuredly make the sacrifice as cheap as possible. If they had wronged a brother, it was not *dear* to them, if they would make the wrong count more than the sacrifice. It was a legal offering, and he who could make it turn to a mercenary account, would do so, and did so. The lamb was deemed sufficient for the sins of the year, be they more or less, the sacrifice was an ample remuneration. All this, custom said was true; but nature always denied the practice. Her voice never approved of sinful indulgences.

Much will be required where much is given. Where much is, much is needed. He who has much wisdom, and a soul expanded with benevolence; he who sees beauty in every flower, glory in every star, harmony in every work of God, and spirit in all living things, will require much to satisfy his mind. He has a great measure, and it must be felt, or there will be want. The modern manifestations have already done much to widen the soul in wisdom; and they who have tasted of the stream, and drunk at this fountain, can not return; they would sink in despair, they would die in the desert, were they to return to their condition previous to receiving the new developments. You will see such go on, on, on.

They who have little, need more—need all they have that is worth having. They need not customs many, nor laws many, nor terrors severe, nor compulsions unjust; but they need light, justice, liberty. Bound in iron chains of popular error, they need release; and release will come when it is desired. The groaning millions who serve fashion, custom, law, and kiss the hand that applies the lash, and meekly bow down and worship the tyrant that mocks their suffering, must feel that they have but little worth possessing, and that of them but little can reasonably be expected. They must feel that divested of all that is essentially injurious to them and others, they would scarcely remember their own *proper* names; they would not be able to identify each other by names appropriate to their former condition. So it is in the Spirit-world.

Right is right; but right is not a misrepresentation of facts. He who has much that will do him harm, many opinions, principles, practices that annoy him day and night, and make him wretched without doing him any good, had better look into his store-house, and see what he can spare with advantage. Let him begin with his errors, and turn them out of doors, judging them by his own experience. He may examine his principles, and apply the same test. He may take his education, his reading, his instruction, and whenever they conflict with his own enjoyment, with the good of others, dismiss them at once. Never allow an enemy in your bosom, because enemies carry darts, and are known by their injuries. So it is with errors. They never bless but sting. Take whatever notion you please, and its truth may be tested by this simple rule. All truth is true to human enjoyment; all error is untrue to happiness. All error is full of darts which sting the mind; and he who welcomes error, welcomes sorrow to his soul. Never will cruelty, war, injustice, error, injury, bless man; never will love, truth, wisdom, virtue, harmony, make the mind wretched. All causes and effects are true to each other, as the stream is to the fountain; so, all conditions that harmonize send forth a peaceful current, and yield a happy return; but inharmonies send forth war, misery, and distress to blight the peace of the possessor.

Philosophy of Nature.

LOVE, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

To discuss a question with any degree of accuracy, it is necessary that the terms composing it should be precisely defined. When their meanings are left vague and ambiguous, the results will be unsatisfactory and inconclusive. Nothing should be left in doubt, or susceptible of a double *entendre* as we proceed, but each successive proposition should be clearly and definitely understood. Thus there will be exactness in our conceptions, and our meaning will be correctly apprehended by the reader. Accordingly, we will first define what we understand by Love, Marriage and Divorce.

Love, in its enlarged sense, is the very life of Man—the very essence of his spirit, and in this sense it is almost identical with Will; for what a man wills that he loves, and *vice versa*, Love, in another sense, means that passion or emotion we feel for God, our fellow man, our parents, brothers, or sisters, or children. But Love in a special sense, means that peculiar passion or emotion with which we regard some one or ones of the opposite sex, who by their *loveable qualities* attract us—that passion which is symbolized by Cupid, and which is “better felt than expressed.” No one has ever lived, and reached maturity of physical and passional development, but has felt and knows what it is. Any further attempt to define would only obscure it. This is the sense in which we now employ it.

Marriage, as legally defined, and in its ordinary acceptation, means the legal or ecclesiastical bond by which one man and one woman contract to live together, and cohabit as man and wife, during their joint lives. It may or may not coëxist with love, as above defined. It is the mere outward bond, which Society recognizes and enforces. This is the *legal marriage*. But Marriage, as *truly* defined, is the *mutual love* of the parties—their inward attraction, merger and unity. This is the *Spiritual Marriage*.

Divorce, as legally defined, is the annulling (for cause) the legal bonds of matrimony, and leaving the parties free again to enter into new bonds. But Divorce, as *truly* defined, is the extinction or cessation of the mutual love of the parties, and their inward disunity and repulsion. This is the *Spiritual Divorce*.

In the course of this paper we will be obliged to make use of some other terms, which it is necessary first to define, namely, Adultery, Fornication and Lust.

Adultery, as legally defined, is the illicit cohabitation of a legally married man and woman outside the legal marriage. This is legal Adultery. But as *truly* defined, it is the cohabiting of a spiritually married man or woman outside the *spiritual* marriage—i. e., with one he or she does not love. This is *Spiritual Adultery*.

Fornication, as legally defined, is the illicit cohabitation of legally unmarried persons. As *truly* defined, it is the cohabitation of those who are not in mutual love, and may be said to be identical with spiritual Adultery.

Lust, as distinguished from Love, is the mere animal impulsion or stimulus to coition or cohabitation. Hence there are the Legal Marriage and the Spiritual Marriage; the Legal Divorce and the Spiritual Divorce; the Legal Adultery and the Spiritual Adultery, and the Legal Fornication and the Spiritual Fornication. Now we will understand each other. I feel confident that no one will dispute the positions here assumed, but all will assent to them without hesitation.

Love—mutual love—is not only the basis, but is *itself* the true and heavenly marriage. It not only consecrates and sanctifies the union of *souls*, but is *itself* that union. It is the inner bond—the essential marriage, decreed by Heaven, and ineffaceably written on the heart of the race. It takes precedence of, and is paramount over, all other kinds of marriage or wedlock. It is what God joins together, and no man can put asunder. Whoever, therefore, truly and reciprocally loves one of the other sex, is already essentially and divinely

married to him or her, though no outward legal bonds, mutual pledges or declarations are entered into, or given, or made. They are truly man and wife, joined together by God in "Holy Wedlock." And whoever, though legally married, are living together and cohabiting as man and wife, but without mutual love, are *not* in fact truly married, but living in continual adultery. They are not truly man and wife, but put asunder by God. Whoever, though legally married, yet having ceased to, or never having loved each other, are essentially divorced. The legal marriage may, and too often does, continue after the essential marriage has long been dissolved, and the parties divorced; but it may be, and too often is, wanting after the parties have been essentially married and joined in holy wedlock.

Now marriage, for any other reason, or upon any other ground than that of mutual love—marriage for the sake of convenience, for the sake of wealth, for the sake of family connexions, for the sake of creed, from duress, from lust, caprice, or any cause whatever other than mutual love, is a crime against Heaven—is nothing but legalized adultery and fornication, and is a spiritual abomination! It has no inward worth or purity, but is utterly Godless and profane! So, if the legal marriage continues for any of those reasons, after mutual love has ceased, and the parties are spiritually divorced, but still live together and cohabit as man and wife, they, nevertheless, live in spiritual debauchery and pollution!

I must, however, by the way, remark, that should any one attempt to justify these Godless marriages by inevitable social constraints, and the disastrous consequences of throwing them off prematurely, if at all, that *that* is not now what I am discussing. We will come to that by and by. We are now considering what is *true* marriage and what the false.

The children that are begotten in mutual love—in holy wedlock or true marriage, even though the legal marriage had never taken place, are divinely begotten children, spiritually legitimate, and true sons and heirs of truly married and Heaven-united parents. They are born of Heaven, into all the fair spiritual symmetry which is their birthright, and may be called *Love-Children*. But the offspring of the purely legal marriage, entered into for any of the reasons above stated other than mutual love, or begotten after mutual love has ceased, are, nevertheless, spiritual bastards—*nullius filii*—the children of repulsion and rape, and may be called *Lust-Children*.

But as to what mutual love, the true marriage, is, let no one be deceived. Here is room for great caution. Be not deceived by a mutual *friendship*, admiration and esteem; by reciprocal kindness and well wishes; by long familiarity and obscuring habits; by transient fascinations, the mere caprice of passion, or by the exaltation and refinement of a lustful appetite. There is need here for the most careful discrimination. Any one, or all of these may, and most commonly do, coexist with true love, yet they may, and often do, exist *without* it, and in numberless cases are *mistaken* for it. Few are yet qualified to make this self-passional analysis. This age, so immersed in sensuality, is little fitted to make these nice discriminations, which require full passional development and freedom. It has scarcely yet learned the alphabet of true love, and knows less of its thrills, but mystically refers them to some Eden—some golden age, far past, or far future—or points to them as only existing among the angels in Heaven! But the ages that are to follow, wherein animal lust and sensual appetite will no longer override the spiritual attractions and loves, and purity and holiness will take the place of filth and depravity, *they* will be able to make the discriminations. All men and women will then "know themselves"—be able to read their own hearts, and be *free* to *obey* them. The advent of the true marriage has scarcely yet touched the Earth. It has not yet folded its golden wings and taken up its abode permanently with us, but flutters strangely and fearfully around amongst us, like the bird of Paradise over a Sahara, alighting, it may be, on a chance oasis.

Perhaps the greater portion of married people now-a-days, are *satisfied* with their present marriage relations, and feel a certain degree of happiness in them. Other considerations than those of mutual love may bind them together, and other passions and affections super-

vene to make the bond permanent. The mutual love in which the parties were during the "honey-moon," months or years, (if their tempers and temperaments are congenial, *et ceteris paribus*), often subsides into a tender and familiar friendship—a lasting regard and esteem, kept alive by reciprocal confidence, kindness and attention. Then the common love of their offspring and their support and education, their unity of interests and fortunes, their common hopes and disappointments, their household, law, custom and creed, rigidly restraining them from other and further love attractions and associations, their seclusion in the isolated household, and the surrender of all hope or idea of ever enjoying more passional freedom, all tend to perpetuate the legal marriage, make the parties satisfied with it, and to a certain degree happy in it. But, is it not obvious that if mutual love (love, as above defined,) be wanting, that if the "honey-moon" does not continue, it becomes a marriage of friendship, of convenience, of necessity, and is not a true marriage? The inner spiritual bond—the essential marriage—is wanting, and it is no longer sanctified by conjugal love. How much, therefore, things of the Heart are Marriage and Divorce! How strictly they belong to the *Spirit* of man, and how little they rest in any outward ordinance or creed! How far they are beyond the reach of society's laws, which can seize only on their *overt* manifestation, or outer developments; and seize upon these only to pervert, repress and profane them!

But apply the above explanation of true marriage and divorce to the marriages now subsisting, and from day to day entered into. Tried by this rule, are not a majority of them adulteries?—destitute of any real spiritual stamina or basis? They are coerced by outer repression, by inharmonic relations and conditions, by law, by custom and creed, by avarice, ambition and caste, by want, by ignorance, by misdirection, authority, and the fire of lust. The true marriage, or mutual love, (which is its own law, and ignores all outer constraint,) is overruled and defeated by a thousand social tyrannies, and ten thousand resultant contingencies. Its place is usurped by legalized concubinage and harlotism, and the physical and spiritual health, harmony and happiness inspired by the true marriage, supplanted by countless ailments, both of body and mind! Who can calculate those manifold evils! And the children begotten now into the world! Are not the ninety-nine hundredths of them the children of lust, born of no higher nor nobler parentage than are the animals?—no higher origin than sensual appetite? Are we not nearly all spiritually *nullius filii*? And how few are the love-children amongst us! No wonder we are so little qualified to openly commune with the higher spheres! No wonder it is such a miracle, since our eyes have been turned downward, our brows hereditarily loaded with accumulated iniquities, and our souls brutalized by adulterous generations for ages past! Truly, the "carnal mind is enmity against God!"

I am aware that this is a very severe analysis of these subjects. I am aware that the positions assumed are both sweeping and fundamental to our present system and practices. They go to the very pith and marrow of them, and are centrally searching and penetrating. But will any man lay his hand on his heart and say that mutual love is not the true Marriage? Will he say that its extinction, or cessation, is not the true Divorce? Will he say that cohabitation, without mutual love, is not spiritual Adultery? Will he deny that the child born of mutual love is spiritually legitimate, and the child born without it, spiritually illegitimate? If he will not deny all these premises, then I affirm he is unequivocally committed to all the consequences which flow from their application to the present system and practices. These consequences cannot be obscured or evaded. They are "fixed facts," plain and palpable, and stand out in bold relief on our marital history.

It is high time thought was agitated on the subject, and the truth told, let it hit where it may. It is high time your readers, the progressives of these times, should "define their position," and know exactly where they stand on this subject. My object is to help them, if I can. No matter *now* if these principles should be found, in their application, to be deadly hostile to the present social regulations herein. Our object at present, is to find out the *truth*, and if it should

prove to militate against the prevailing social institutions, laws and customs, *that* is a subject for *after* consideration. If the truth, and its practical bearing, should contradict them, then *they* are wrong, and need to be adjusted *according* to it. It but repeats the old story of the discovery and evolution of new truths, overturning old errors. Outer error and repression must yield, sooner or later, to inner potencies. The laws of society must yield to the "higher law"—the law written on our hearts. All is embodied in the word "Reform." Time, Custom, Authority, and "Old Hunkerdom" must not be allowed to stereotype Error, and perpetuate it ever more. The most vital questions must be analyzed in the crucible of reason; and this is the day to do it in: "Now is the accepted time, the day of salvation!" We must leave nothing unscrutinized, but, like Des Cartes, go back to the very *Ego sum*.

The eye of reason, no longer suffused and trembling with fear of temporal and spiritual despotism, is now curiously questioning institutions hitherto regarded as sacredly exempt from inquiry. The old pales of Error and Superstition are breaking up before its searching gaze, and enlarging the sphere of Liberty. Marriage and Divorce must pass the ordeal, in their turn, and be submitted to the analysis. If they are truly and sacredly grounded they will stand the test. There is a movement thitherward all over the land. In most of the States, there has latterly been much legislation on this and consanguineous subjects. The rights of married women have been secured, their property awarded to them, and exempted from their husbands' debts and control. Marriage restraints have been thrown off, and divorces facilitated. But, underlying all this, there is a current of "moral suasion" at work behind these legislative enactments, and which produces them. It develops the "Woman's Rights" movement, at the bottom of which, did its advocates but know it, lies the true Marriage and Divorce. They ostensibly seek manumission from unwonted and ungallant restraint, only to be enabled to enjoy physical, intellectual, and passionnal freedom. Very true, they but beat about the outposts as yet; but what is the movement good for, if it does not go the "whole figure," and emancipate her from legal concubinage and adultery?

I can have no personal motive to war against the present marriage institutions, laws and customs, for no man is happier in his marital relations than I am; yet I believe that there is no sphere in our present social conditions calling more loudly for reform than this one. Hence I speak.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 28, 1853.

Universal Law.

If there is any one fact that stamps its impress upon our mind, deeper than any other, it is the all-pervading presence of immutable Law in the government of the universe, terrestrial and celestial. The All-Supreme Himself, being governed by infallible laws as subordinates, can not do anything opposed to, or which contradicts real philosophy and science. There are fixed laws for ever thing, and the seeming discrepancies or departures from these laws, which have puzzled the brains of mankind to account for, may be attributed to the insufficiency of our finite comprehension, rather than to the mere will or caprice of Deity. God carries on all the operations of nature upon strictly scientific or mathematical principles; therefore, He can not at once annihilate or destroy either spirit or matter, for in that case, he would destroy a part of himself. Gross matter is as eternal and immutable as God himself, and is a part and parcel of the divine principle. The form of gross matter may be changed, but its substance can not be destroyed. So with spirit, it may be changed from good to bad, from bad to good—it may progress in knowledge or otherwise—but can not finally be lost. It comes to our mind with the force of everlasting truth, that all things, mental, and physical, are governed by fixed, eternal principles. Hence it is the part of wisdom to apply our minds to the knowledge of those laws, and to obey them, that we may the better fulfill the end of our existence.—[*The Token*.]

Facts and Phenomena.

NOTES OF MY PSYCHAL LIFE.

BY A SEER.

CHAPTER SECOND.

SHORTLY after my mother's departure from earth as related in the preceding Chapter, my father returned and took me away from the good friends who had cared for me since I was left a mourner. He took me by the hand and hurried to an obscure part of the city, where the demon-vice reigned supreme and where the sound of ribald merriment and bachanalian orgies rendered both night and day hideous—where the monster Intemperance had drawn his sable mantle over the minds and hearts of his degraded victims. It was here that he took me—an artless child of seven years—to breathe the pestilential atmosphere of sin, in those purlieus of misery, which seem to be an adjunct of all cities. Here he met an old acquaintance, and the two repaired forthwith to a dram-shop near at hand, to celebrate the meeting by imbibing sundry potations of *rectified ruin*,—leaving me to stand shivering in the street. That was the last time that I saw my father in the course of eleven years, for he absolutely forgot I was waiting for him where I had been so thoughtlessly deserted. Verily, the rum-fiend is a stultifier of the memory as well as of the intellect as a whole!

I now fell into the hands of one of those who "go down into the sea in great ships," in other words, I was spirited away by a cabin-boy's fancies, and the next morning found my name registered as "Cook's help" in the journal of the gallant brig "*Phoebe*," Captain Baker, of New Bedford. It is proverbial that sailors are above all men superstitious, particularly the seamen of the last generation; indeed you can scarce find a jack tar, old or young, but that can relate a story, or "spin a yarn" between the first "Dog-watch" and eight bells that will make the hair stand on end. But to resume the thread of my story, I remark that, although while on this vessel I was perforce obliged to listen to much that was debasing in its character, yet I found myself strangely, most strangely, protected from contagion; for when in danger the invisible beings of the sky would whisper to me, in a voice of sweet melody, the mystic word, "Beware!" As an instance of this, I will here relate an occurrence which may serve for an illustration. As there was no one on board save myself who could bear resignedly the tricks and taunts of the unfeeling crew, a full advantage was taken of this trait of my nature. One day, however, my patience became exhausted and I yielded to the wildest rage. I loathed all things, and wished that death might overtake us all, so that in the general destruction I might be revenged on my persecutors. But in the midst of my rage, I felt a *warm thrill*, as of hot air, rush over my entire frame; I seemed to be enveloped in a fiery cloud, and while thus situated, I heard distinctly with the ear of the soul these words: "Hush, my babe! be angry no more!" So positive was this injunction, that in almost an instant I was comparatively calm;—and for several years this warm, psycholective sensation was a signal to me that a spirit was at hand—that something was wrong—that an angel was near to save me from disaster and pain.

Since that time I have discovered that this warm atmosphere is the enveloping aural emanation or sphere surrounding spirits; and that to those who are magnetically sensitive it is warm, to those who are electrically sensitive it is cold, while to those highly refined organisms, such for instance as I psychally perceive Mrs. F. H. Green and R. P. Ambler to possess, it manifests itself in the most sweetly soothing manner. Therefore the effect produced by the approach of a spirit is always in correspondence with the temperament with which it comes in contact, and the temperament in every case will be according to the predominating element of the constitution;—thus magnetism is, so to speak, the soul of electricity, while odyle is in turn the soul of the latter, there being a most interior essence contained in all forms and modifications of the one great substance—spirit. I am thus par-

ticular to explain my meaning here, so that in my forthcoming account of my search after God, I may be understood when speaking of aural spheres,—for I have indeed been so bold as to ask “what and where is God?” and I have received, as I believe, the only truly rational answer which has been yet given.

Thus at a very early age was I made a medium for spiritual intercourse, and thus was I warned and directed by angelic visitors. As to my subsequent development, I could speak here only in the most general terms, and instead of doing so it will be sufficient to introduce the following testimonial. Dr. J. R. Buchanan, the eminent anthropologist, in his “*Journal of Man*,” March 1852, remarks as below, the “young man” referred to being your humble correspondent:

“I am disposed to think that the spirit-world may have more to do with human development than has heretofore been supposed. I have just seen a young man who illustrates this thought. Some years since, when on a merchant vessel, he was so cruelly treated as to be driven to suicide, and when about to plunge into the water, the spirit of his mother appeared before him and told him to withhold from the rash act. This influence saved him, and ever since he has been progressing in mental development; the forepart of his head has grown remarkably, and continues in a state of great excitement and intellectual activity. Sudden electric flashes of thought have been bursting forth in his mind; he acquires knowledge by intuition, thinks deeply and philosophically, and often has clairvoyant perceptions of remote persons.”

Hoping, kind reader, to entertain you better—much better—in my next chapter, I will say for the present *adieu*! P. B. R.

A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.

Translated from a German Work, “*Existenz der Geister und ihr Einfluss auf die Sinnenwelt*,” by Fr. Nork.

WHEN Queen Ulrike, of Sweden, was on her death-bed, her last moments were embittered by regret at the absence of her favorite the Countess Steenbock, between whom and the Queen there existed the most tender and affectionate attachment. Unfortunately, and by a most singular coincidence, the Countess Steenbock, at the same moment lay dangerously ill, at Stockholm, and at too great a distance from the dying queen, to be carried to her presence. After Ulrike had breathed her last, the royal corpse, as is customary in that country, was placed in an open coffin, upon an elevated frame, in an apartment of the palace, brilliantly illuminated with wax candles. A detachment of Royal Life Guards was stationed in the ante-chamber as a funeral watch. During the afternoon, the outside door of the ante-chamber opened and the Countess Steenbock appeared in deep grief. The soldiers of the guard immediately formed into two lines and presented arms, as a mark of respect to the first dame of the palace, who was received and escorted by the commander of the guard into the chamber where lay the body of her dearest friend. The officers were surprised at her unexpected arrival, and attributing her silence to the intensity of her grief, conducted her to the side of the casket, and then retired, leaving her alone, not choosing to disturb the expression of her deep emotion. The officers waited outside for a considerable time, and the Countess not yet returning, they feared some accident had befallen her. The highest officer in rank now opened the door, but immediately fell back in the utmost consternation. The other officers present then hastened into the room, and there they all beheld the Queen standing upright in her coffin and tenderly embracing the Countess! This was observed by all the officers and soldiers of the guard. Presently the apparition seemed to waver and resolved itself into a dense mist. When this had disappeared, the corpse of the Queen was seen reposing in its former position on the bed of state; but the Countess was nowhere to be found. In vain they searched the chamber and the adjoining rooms—not a trace of her could be discovered.

A courier was at once despatched to Stockholm with an account of this extraordinary occurrence; and there it was learned that the

Countess Steenbock had not left the capital, but that she had died at precisely the same moment when she was seen in the arms of the deceased Queen! An extraordinary protocol of this occurrence was immediately ordered to be taken by the officers of the government, and which was countersigned by all present. This document is still preserved in the archives.—[*The Token*.]

INSTANTANEOUS FLOWERING OF PLANTS.

ON Saturday, M. Laurent, of Onslow-house, Brompton, exhibited to a few visitors some experiments in the instantaneous flowering of plants by a process said to be peculiar. The plants to be experimented upon, a selection of geraniums and a rose-tree, were placed in two deep boxes of, to all appearance, common garden mold, and, having been covered with glass shades or bells, each having a small hole in the top, which was at first plugged, M. Herbert proceeded to *water* them, if we may use the word, with some chemical amalgam, which, acting upon the chemicals already in the earth, for it was evidently, and, indeed, was admitted to be prepared for the purpose, caused a high degree of heat, as was evinced by the rising of a steam or vapor within the bell, which was allowed in some measure to escape through the hole alluded to, and, indeed, by the feel of this vapor, M. Herbert appeared to regulate the heat necessary to effect his object. In about five or six minutes from the commencement of operations, the buds on the geraniums began to open, and within ten or twelve minutes they were in full bloom, and the blossoms distributed among the ladies present. The experiment with the rose-tree was unsuccessful, M. Herbert alleging that it had only been in his possession about half an hour, and he had, therefore, not had sufficient time to prepare it. From this it will be seen that the whole of the operation is not so instantaneous as would appear to the mere looker-on at the moment of blossoming; but, nevertheless, the invention may prove useful to those who wish to deck their boudoirs or drawing rooms with flowers before nature brings them forth in due course, and in which, by and by, she is this year somewhat tardy.—[*Observer*.]

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

A GENTLEMAN claiming to be a “friend of the human race,” and who keeps the run of facts, figures and babies, has just laid before “an inquiring world” the following statistics:

“The whole number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 3,064: 578 in Europe, 936 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The inhabitants of our globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter part die before the age of 7 years; and one-half before reaching 17 years of age, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one-half the human species. To every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100 only six reach 66 years, and not more than one in 5000 live to 80 years of age. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these 333,333,333 die every year, 91,324 every day, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by the equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 175 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes; that is during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.”

If the body that dies has  not also the living soul?



EDITED BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

THE pages of the JOURNAL OF PROGRESS will be enriched occasionally by contributions from A. J. DAVIS, R. P. AMBLER, W. S. COURTNEY, J. K. INGALLS, and others.

New-York, September, 1853.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Some very good people, and some very clever editors among the number, persist in naming and cataloguing "spiritual manifestations" under the trivial heads of rapping and table moving—as if these phenomena are the most important part, or all, of the disclosures of nature, as connected with man. A more simple and erroneous view of the subject can not be taken. Rapping and table-moving are suited chiefly to those gross, external minds, the state of which require miracles, as they are usually called, to awaken the mental faculties from their habitual lethargy. The neophyte in spiritual science hears sounds, and sees tables, chairs, and other material objects move; and these things apparently use alphabets and signs, as if endowed with life and intelligence, to converse with the aroused inquirer. Nearly half of the world's people acknowledge that such phenomena are presented, but, in ignorance, attribute the results to that material power of which the least is known. Hence all is saddled erroneously upon the broad back of electricity! Philosophers are called in to examine the facts, and they make the matter still worse by their absurd theories, and strange conjectures, and silly experiments. They begin to test the phenomena, during the processes of the experiments; and commencing, as they do, with false theories, they find themselves confirmed in their absurdities, and, at last, they are overthrown, and beg to retire from their investigations, to revise their opinions!

The whole subject is the most important ever presented to the mind of man. It is only in its infancy at present; and as mundane or supra-mundane intelligence causes every part of these phenomena for the benefit of mankind, it will not be surrendered to the strange desires of men, and be put upon the shelf, but it will be the prevailing topic of *all* philosophy—as the thing itself is its *source*, also—for all time to come. The manifestations not only will not cease, but they will be increased a thousand fold, and new wonders upon wonders will be produced, in accordance with the yet unrevealed powers of man and nature, till men bend their stiff-necks to the truth! Too long have benighted and benighting creeds, systems, philosophies, and theories, been used by men in power, to awe and check the natural aspirations of man for the higher things for which his spirit has yearned. Too long has this church and

that church—this system and that system, been forced upon the weak minds of men, to proselyte them, and, of course, their offspring, to forms of superstition and error. Republicanism, however, has arisen from the ashes of tyranny and despotism—and out of it has arisen freedom for man, from which naturally arise these so-called manifestations. And to-day we ascertain, as we long have seen clearly to be true, that there is opened to every being who patiently studies these remarkable phenomena—a *republican road to knowledge!* The reader will desire to know what it is. We reply that it is in the power of those who study the more intricate pages of this science, to possess the truth on every subject which can engage the attention of man—particularly as such truth has relation to the progress of the race upon the earth! The process by which the facts are obtained is well known to a few persons already, but such is the pride of man—such is his self-conceit—such are his habits, derived from false education, that it does not seem wise to announce the peculiar modes of obtaining knowledge, without the constant use of books, till men's minds are more prepared by reflection for the important ends which may be gained.

These new phenomena form a science—the science of sciences—the truth of truths! They give man a correct insight into the actual and real. They make "the truth as it is in Jesus" quite a different thing from the poor, dreamy, unproved, and doubted belief which churches and theologians have endeavored to force upon the minds of men. The New Testament is no longer a sealed book. Its truths are brighter than ever; but they are not such truths as have been read from the pulpit. They are made clear to the comprehension of a child, while a man must sicken with humility at the thought that our brethren who have preceded us, and who rashly venture even now to instruct us, have taught every species of doctrine, except the simple truth, as it is recorded. Scarcely a word with respect to the nature of man—with respect to his position to Jesus and to the Creator—with respect to his connection with his fellow man—has been correctly defined by the lights of the churches. They have groped in darkness, and are best represented by "the blind leading the blind."

Such, at least, are our opinions. They are freely spoken, because we feel that they are true. We have proved them to be such, by a long process of patient investigation. Yet, while men will delude themselves with devils and other mythological inventions, instead of realizing their nearness to the Divinity, little good can be expected for the mass of mankind, who are slow to believe. There is no necessity for a devil to frighten men from evil deeds, when it can be shown that every thought and act of man's life may be revealed, and that nothing can be hidden. This phase is remarkable. It is true, doubtless, that no crime can be committed without the author of it being detected, and no duplicity, wrong, or deceit, can be indulged, without a possibility of its exposure by thousands of individuals! There is a police more active than that hired by overgrown cities to ferret out transgressors! And we believe that this truth will be speedily observed and acknowledged by mankind. At this very hour, many deeds of darkness are known which their perpetrators think are locked in their own bosoms as secrets. More than this is true. The very writers who most strenuously oppose these manifestations, in several instances, are known to be internally conscious of their truth. Some of them are actuated by fear, some by a love of popularity, some by a desire to please their employers,

to deny the Christ, or truth. They betray themselves at every step, and are only exciting the most intense feelings of charity and sympathy in those who observe them, while they remain in the bondage of darkness.

We have no desire to excite any alarm, other than that which error must feel upon a conviction of its position—but we are free to declare that we think it impossible for any system of mischievous thought to withstand the penetrating lances from the sun of Truth. Men must learn the facts connected with these Manifestations, and adopt such theories as they are pleased to form for their own comfort. For our part, we think the use of a mental sponge to wipe out every educational thought is the best mode of arriving at unadulterated truth—and it is quite evident to us that when a man can do this he becomes a freeman in the highest sense of that designation. Manifestations—we use the word because it is a popular one—will be found suited to the capacities of men, and they will be as exalted as the minds to which they are submitted. At present men have only arrived at the latter A of a great language, which is universal, and which will be comprehended by every nation under the face of heaven. I. C. P.

REVIEW OF A. J. DAVIS' LAST WORK.

THE PRESENT AGE AND INNER LIFE ; a sequel to Spiritual Intercourse, Modern Mysteries clasified and explained ; By Andrew Jackson Davis, Author of "Nature's Divine Revelations," "Harmonia," and other works ; illustrated with engravings ; New-York ; Partridge and Brittan. "To the down-trodden and wearied, to the trammelled and enslaved, to the depressed and sorrowful, to the seeker after light and liberty, this book is most cordially dedicated by the author." And to such, and all others who will be enriched by its spiritual treasures, it will unfold gifts of immortal beauty and truth.

I had intended to be very staid and prosaic in this review, lest it should be surmised by some matter-of-fact people, that it is an affair of mere fancy work, because it touches so truly the hidden springs of feeling and poetry. Let us, then, resolutely shake off all such predispositions, and go to work in sober earnest, closing our poetic senses to the beauty, and looking only with the eye of Reason. But this constraint is unnatural. To do we must act as we are moved.

In the first chapter, entitled "A SURVEY OF HUMAN NEEDS," after having given various examples to show the inadequacy of all the exclusively religious powers and forces, which have yet been brought to bear upon the redemption of society, the whole matter is summed up in the following concise and forcible terms.

But again the question, "What shall be done?" What shall the people have in exchange for their old faiths? Kind reader, you should not attempt to barter them away ; when you get through with them, let them die. Do not poison the rising generations. But be generous, and make the future a "gift," which all shall worship as the Truth. One fact is clear, theology must make still further concessions to science. For science has invented steam-carriages. And Christianity, before helpless as an infant, being conveyed in the arms of its sponsors from city to city, now takes a seat in the cars, and flies speedily from state to state, or a berth in the ocean steamer, pays morning calls to the heathen and the oppressed ; and thus, by the agencies and potencies of science, theology spreads rapidly over a continent or a hemisphere.

Now, be it remembered, the world is looking on ; it sees all this ; and sees, too, what agencies are *really* at work civilizing and moralizing mankind. The people see how old theology has *labored* to keep up

with the times. Again, in view of all this, I ask, "What shall be done in regard to human faith?" Shall we renounce our old faith and old notions, and become materialists—believers only in the facts of science and in the world of physical phenomena—have faith only in what we see, and hear, and feel ; or, shall we strive to obtain a "new philosophy," which subjects all the Past to itself, explains the Present, and throws open the golden portals of all-radiant Future?

Further on, in the same chapter, after speaking of the wide-spreading tendency to thought and investigation of spiritual subjects, now abroad in the world, of the impotence of any effort to bind the Reason, and the prevalence of skepticism in regard to the sensuous interpretations given of the resurrection, accension, and other supposed miracles, by the christian church generally, we find this startling assertion, that "the human family, when considered in the aggregate, is literally destitute of a belief in an intelligent Supreme Being." The author then follows up this idea by showing that, whereas it is assumed by the advocates of the popular religions that there is no absolute knowledge of the spiritual and the supreme outside of Christendom, the true faith is brought down to the smallest possible quarters. But when this Christendom—this point on the great map of the world, is cut up into about fifty distinct "systems of salvation," every one of which claims to be infallibly right, and all others to be irrecoverably wrong—taking the evidence of christians themselves, we find that they are, as inheritors of salvation, absolutely annihilated—cut off by their own fratricidal spirit from all reasonable prospect of redemption—"without God and without hope in the world." What, then, is to become of all these lost ones, the Heathen outsiders in the mass, and the belligerent Christians, who annihilate each other's claims to the true faith, in all the warlike array of their particular divisions? Are they to be left absolutely without faith, or is any one of them to be forever compelled to such spiritual food, in starving portions, from the capillary tube of an overgrown and plethoric sect. Is the sun to be put out of heaven, because some people think that gas gives a better light? Is the native vision to be impaired that lenses may be in vogue, and be brought to market, by those who are interested in the process?—No. This is the answer, deep-toned as subterranean thunder, which comes up from the long prostrated, silent, and abused Reason.

But to return ; in the graphic, and masterly pictures of the Sectarian Gods, beginning with the Jewish, we see an illustration of this truth, that, as sects make their own creeds, so does every man shadow forth a God after his own ideal, or the image in his own mind.

Again, on the 37th page, is this fine passage, in which the logical power of the writer is put forth, to show the necessity of a *reasonable* explanation, even of the Scriptures.

Again, on another question, Nature and Reason unitedly stand in fatal opposition to orthodoxy—that is, in regard to the miraculous creation of things! Reason, on its throne, in its own kingly character, proclaims, that the theological definition of miracles must for ever be abandoned. The expanded mind can not endure it. Nature and Reason, as the soul's authority, affirm that an *unchangeable God can not work a miracle* in the theological definition ; that is to say, He can not produce an effect without an adequate cause, or an event above the eternal order and method of Law. Here orthodoxy interposes its objections, and says : "all things are possible with God." Nay, far from it ; *God is omnipotent only in the right direction* ; not in the wrong ! The Bible affirms that "it is impossible for God to tell a lie."* So, therefore, is it *impossible* for God to contradict himself in any one

*Titus 1 : 2, Hebrew 6 : 18.

particular. Take, for example, the Law of Eternal Truth. What would be a miracle in regard to this law? Nothing less than a falsehood on the part of the law-maker, who is supposed to be unchangeable! Or, take the Law of Gravitation—pervading, alike, all bodies and space—what would be a miracle in regard to this Law? Manifestly a suspension of its action—or, in more appropriate words, a *positive violation* of its normal tendencies—resulting in universal derangement and confusion! Hence the accounts of Jonah and the Whale; the standing still of the Sun to accommodate Joshua in his sanguinary battles; the miraculous conception; the physical resurrection; all these become insurmountable difficulties in the well-balanced and reasoning mind. All faith is disturbed; because these transactions, understood literally, can not be reconciled with the known, unwavering laws of Nature, nor with the concurrent laws of human experience. These examples I adduce to demonstrate the constrained concession even of old Theology: *that Reason is the Master*. Consequently, without some Harmonial explanation of Nature and Deity, the world's unreasoning faith, in the reliability of ancient inspiration, "will die amid her worshippers!"

But with almost every page one might stop to gather gems of richness and beauty. The space allowed will not admit of this; and closing the eyes against such attraction, I hasten forward.

The "Spiritual Congress" is a series of visions, exhibiting a convention of spirits for the purpose of consulting together, in regard to the best means of establishing harmony on the Earth. All these scenes are replete with spiritual interest and beauty. A delegation of spirits is appointed to each particular country; and a beautiful exordium or address to each is given.

While reflecting upon this vision, Mr. Davis was again thrown into the superior condition, when the spirit of Galen appeared before him, in order, as it seems, to settle his mind in regard to the difficulty it had conceived, concerning the ability of spirits to walk the thin air, without falling. In the course of this conversation the clairvoyant is made to see, at a distance in the air, a mass of hail-stones "weighing many thousand tons;" and also, in another direction, "a great Lake, of what appeared to be Iron and Coal, elastic, like partially molten pewter." And this was shown him *to illustrate the possibility of spirits walking in the air*. The difficulty has formerly consisted in the superior *rarity* of the spiritual body, compared with that of the atmosphere; and supposing it subject to the purely physical law of gravitation, Dr. Richmond conceived the entirely *opposite* difficulty, that it must be propelled from the atmosphere of the earth, with an immense force. We, however, do not believe that vitalized being, in any form, can be completely governed by the same laws that bind inert matter; and still less, if at all, could the highly exalted condition of spirits be affected by them. But, on the other hand, it certainly does militate, not only against all accepted philosophy, and preconceived theory, but against all known fact, to suppose that such masses *could* remain suspended within the atmosphere, and consequently within the attractive influence of the Earth. We have been wont to think that as soon as vapor is condensed into the form of water, it begins to fall; and for this reason hail must fall still more rapidly; while even the light and feathery snow, will not continue to float for a single moment, after the flakes get heavier than the surrounding air. It does certainly give one an uncomfortable feeling to think that all those hail-stones and aërolites may be down upon us some day with a crash!

Again, in the course of the same conversation, Mr. Davis questions his spiritual Instructor, concerning the possibility of the vast assemblage of spirits being visible to the natural eye,

when he was informed that they could not be perceived, and recognized as spirits; but a grayish mass of nebulae, "in appearance like a fleecy cloud," would be represented instead thereof. But are not spirits *interior to the atmosphere*? Then how could they be visible at all to the natural eye, more than the gases are which the atmosphere contains—or even so easily as these, seeing that the spiritual body must be greatly more refined, and consequently rarer, than any known gas? Perhaps I have only spoken with the limited wisdom of the exterior perceptions. If so, will Mr. Davis give a satisfactory solution of these difficulties; for I am sure that they will be a trouble to others, as well as to myself.

The analysis and classification of Spiritual Manifestations and Media, is a very interesting and important chapter. But where am I getting? out of all bounds, I fear; and with a few words more, I must reluctantly break off.

This book must be a fulfillment of its author's own prophecy, that spiritual works *will* be read; for it is, preëminently, of a popular character. I open the book, and turn from page to page, captivated with the flowing melody of diction—with the sketches and lyrics, the little poems and pictures I meet on every hand. I seem to listen, charmed. It is as if a rippling brook were singing songs of love in my ear; or the impalpable light, itself, were chanting millennial hymns, in the silence of the listening soul; and I feel in all this, the power of a great, a beautiful, and far-reaching Good.

THE TEN-HOUR SYSTEM.

THE cause of the Laborer is steadily progressing. In Delaware Co., Pa., where there are numerous manufactories, the operatives, desiring the adoption of the ten-hour rule, called a general meeting, and adopted a suitable address to their employers on the subject, at the same time appointing a committee to wait on them.

The employers met to consider the subject; and after much discussion granted their request, upon condition that the operatives should make every effort to induce other manufacturers, elsewhere, to adopt the same generous policy.

This is the right way of doing business. Let the Laborers only take hold of the matter as they should—not in the sullen and stolid spirit of a "STRIKE"—but as men, in deliberate, earnest, and solemn convention, face to face with their employers, let them demand their rights; and they will almost assuredly be successful.

The Rhode Island ten-hour system, which was adopted during the last winter, has been modified making sixty-nine, instead of sixty hours per week, the legal amount of work. The resolution was carried by default, the operatives not being fully represented in the meeting. Let the working-men be true to their rights, and not only petition Legislatures, but rise in their majesty to *elect* Legislatures, through which they may be truly represented.

THE *TOKEN*, is the title of a weekly paper published at Pittsburgh, Alex. B. Russel, editor and proprietor. Though the *Token* is devoted ostensibly to the subject of Odd-fellowship, it is not by any means confined to one idea but contains much valuable thought on topics of general interest, and always breathes a genial and reformatory spirit. Aside from mere editorial courtesy, we *like* the *Token*, and shall be ever glad to learn of its prosperity.

Useful and Polite Literature.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

The summer sunshine falleth
O'er mountain, glade and rill,
And warm the purple shadows
Lie round the woodland still.

And from the rock whose borders
The eddying waters lave,
The daisy and the bluebells
Look down upon the wave.

The berries in the hollows
Are drooping from their stems,
And many a glistening cherry
The lonely hedge begems.

Where art thou, dark-haired sister?
We miss thee from our home,
These pleasant haunts are lonely
Where thou wert wont to roam:

The twilight gently falleth,
The mountains sleep in heaven,
And softer, holier beauty
Unto the sky is given.

And when the moon upriseth
The weird, dark, shadows come
All trailing down the hillside—
All wizard-like and dumb—

And now, oh dark-haired Lucy,
We miss thy singing voice
That echoed mid the mountains,
And made the night rejoice?

NATURE'S VOICES.

BY MRS. LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

Dost thou love the pleasant voices,
Breathing, whispering on the air,
Thousand tongued, yet sweetly blending
Into music, everywhere?

'Tis the thrill of dreamy harp strings
When soft breezes sweep the pine,
Hushing slowly, then upswelling
Into harmonies divine.

When a tempest's regal power
Sways it with a master hand,
'Tis the rush, the tramp, the music,
Of a nation's armed band.

O'er the meadow's waves of purple,
Spreading broad, a flowery sea,
Floats the mellow, breezy murmur
Of the sunshine-loving bee.

While the waterdrops are ringing,
With their tiny silver bells,
Chimes among the moss and flowers,
Down in Summer's greenest dells.

And the ceaseless rush of waters
Far away in wildwood lone,
Seemeth oftentimes to murmur
In a weary, plaintive tone.

There the coiling ripples, ever
Weave their slender weired chain,
With a ringing spell of voices,
Half in pity, half in pain.

In the sunshine, in the shadow,
Or beside the waters fair,
Still are heard those pleasant voices
Softly floating on the air.

TWELVE STORIES OF ONE LIFE.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN;

NUMBER TWO.

THE SLAVE.

In a small chamber of a house in one of the upper streets of the terraced city of Algiers, a boy of thirteen years was busily engaged. Two or three baskets and mats, formed of palm leaf, and exhibiting at once delicate workmanship, and tasteful designs, together with the materials of his work, lay around him. There were also distributed on several shelves, which bore evidence of his own power of mechanical adaptation, small models of various pieces of machinery, which equally bore testimony to the bent of his genius. One might have seen at a glance, that this boy was not an oriental, either by nature or habit; for not more truly did the sanguine flush that deepened the color of the bronzed cheek, bespeak the Anglo Saxon fountain by which it was nurtured, than these many signs of contrivance, skill, and the conversion of indifferent and opposite means to congenial and harmonious ends, revealed the peculiar character and capacity of the true yankee genius. An outcast and alien from home, and kin, and country, and people, yet this spirit could not be alienated, nor the activity whence it originated be quenched.

A small basket of the most exquisite form he was just tinting with fluids of different hues, which he had procured from a morocco dresser; and having completed, he threw it aside, and surveyed his work with a pleased eye.

For a little space he remained thus; and then he rose, and went to the window; and in returning he went to one of the shelves and took down a large volume, which he began to peruse in that labored and earnest manner, that showed his exercise was a set lesson. This was a copy of the Koran; and the fact that he had been taught to read it, shows that he was receiving all that Algiers then gave to her noblest, in the shape of education. But now, as he studied, the words, letters, and surface of the paper, black and white, became confusedly blent; and far other characters, other thoughts, and pictures of widely distant scenes seemed to fill their place.

First there was one of a boy nestled lovingly beside his mother, in the golden sunset of Syria. As the shadows of evening deepened, perfume from the roses of Damascus came in at the open windows. Then the lips of the boy moved to the low murmur of a prayer, which the kneeling mother breathed beside his little couch; and the scene did not pass away, but interwrought with many changes, it unfolded others; and the series of pictures, opening and fading into each other, made all of life that lay between that boy who went to sleep while the notes of his mother's hymn mingled with the singing waters of Damascus, and the one who now looked on the unseen lettering of the Koran; for they were the same.

This is Uman. Let us still look into his mind.

There were pictured—as it were etched in by the action of fire—long, weary, burning days under the palm-trees, when the same child lay looking out over the desert, and wondering why God had made his little form so full of life, only to suffer, and every thing else so still and death-like. Then he woke from these dreamings to know something of slavery—to comprehend the pains of labor, and fatigue, and privation, and cruelty; but there was nothing so terrible as the still paralysis of inaction—the long monotonous days of suffering under the date-trees.

But after several months there came a sheik of a generous countenance and noble mein, to the tent of his master; and seeing some curious devices of the boy, purchased him with money, and took him away across the sterile Land of Dates, to his beautiful home in Algiers. They were borne to the mountains by the fleetest heirce, or camel of the Desert; and though often attacked by robbers, and individuals of different tribes who were at war with each other, they came off in safety for the sheik, Ben Tibboo, would not endanger the life of his young slave, for whom he had already conceived an affection, and

whose intelligence was so much superior to the common Moorish or Arab boys of the same age, as his mother was to their women; and Uman, on the other hand, already felt his heart open to the magic power of kindness.

But there was one thought lay beneath all this consciousness of good fortune, like a scorpion among flowers, which, if he ever forgot it, even for a moment, stung him into an acknowledgement of its presence. He was a *slave—sold and bought with money*. Against this outrage the simplest instincts of his nature revolted—not merely with that indomitable love of freedom, which is imbibed with the mother's milk, as an element of power through all the Anglo Saxon race—but with the deeper and tenderer consciousness of insulted Humanity.

Day by day he fared kindly, and he was not only the favorite of his master, but also of his mistress, the gentle Noëma, a beautiful Moorish lady, and her whole household. There was but one exception. This was an old, deformed slave who was protected by his idiocy in a thousand things, which would not have been allowed in any other; for idiots and insane persons throughout all Barbary, are supposed to be possessed by a divine spirit; and all their absurd vagaries are treated with the greatest veneration. The whole intelligence of this person seemed to be developed in mischievous, and even malignant traits of character. With the quick instinct, which such persons frequently exhibit in a few points, he perceived that Uman was a general favorite, and therefore to vanquish him was a special victory; and at the same time he discovered the means of effecting this; for he as quickly perceived that the boy was excessively irritated by any allusion to his condition as a slave. He had seemed to conceive a deep and deadly hatred for the unoffending boy, who lost no opportunity of annoying by bandying the hateful name.

Ben Tibboo was engaged in the manufacture of those beautiful shawls and gauzes, for which Algiers is famed over the whole Levant, and he had long since grown rich with the product of his looms. He had already become indebted to Uman for some valuable suggestions in the working of his simple machinery; and he gave him every opportunity for the development of his mechanical genius, which the place afforded. He also treated the boy with great kindness, and even affection; and it was believed by many that he intended to adopt him as his own son. He was tenderly cared for, and had fine apartments in a beautiful house. He was not constrained to labor unless he chose; and whatever work he did engage in was of his own free choice; for Ben Tibboo sagaciously perceived that, in order to develop his genius in the happiest manner, it must have full scope and freedom. He wandered at will through the house and city, often extending his rambles to the fine forests of the overhanging mountains of Algiers, or the beautiful gardens that embellish its environs. Why, then, was he not happy? Why was he continually tortured by this unappeasable hunger of the soul, which craved a higher degree of freedom—which was not satisfied with the absence of chains upon the limbs, but demanded also that the rights of the mind should be recognized—and the whole consciousness of the spirit set free? Ask the caged bird why there is sadness in his song—why the protecting cage, laden with sweets and dainties, is not better than the scant supply, the wants, dangers, and freedom of the woods! There is but one answer to all such questions, for all similar cases. The condition is monstrous; it is unnatural; and therefore is inconsistent with that repose of desire and affection, which we call happiness. Nature, with a stronger or weaker power, every where asserts her claims; and be the cage ever so highly gilded, and the bonds ever so light and silken, she rebels against them.

Uman seemed to read on, mechanically turning the leaves, until the thought of his mother, as it always did, sooner or later, came between him and the slave-image that was seared into his heart, and which by every act of memory was only burned in more deeply. He did not know how much he was affected by this influence, which in seasons of excitement always came to soothe and quiet him, until his eyes swam in tears; and being blinded by them, he threw the book aside, and sprang to the window.

A little scene of confusion was enacting just below the casement, as

often occurs in the extremely narrow streets, where it is difficult for even two horsemen to pass each other. A coral merchant who had just returned from Oran, which is still famous for its coral fishery, was beginning to open his wares in a little shop or stall when a group of idlers flocked around, to feast their inert curiosity on the rare excitement offered by the occasion; and the street was so nearly blocked up, that a horseman who was attempting to make his way through the narrow and steep passage, found it impossible to proceed. Uman, from his sympathy with strangers generally, had become schooled in the customs of different countries; and he knew at a glance that the one present was an Englishman. There was nothing peculiar in his appearance; and yet the boy's heart leaped at the sight of one with whom his very instincts had established a sort of kinship—the relation of a common origin. Perhaps there was something of this thought expressed in his countenance; for as the stranger sat waving his hand, and calling out for the crowd to disperse, he raised his eyes, and meeting the earnest look of Uman, was evidently attracted. What volumes may sometimes be revealed in a glance! How much of the great unopened Future may be pictured on the vague unformed impression of a moment! So it was then. The stranger, graciously inclining the head, touched his hat after the fashion of his country; while the boy softly repeated the Arabic salutation; "*Salem alik*"—*Peace be with you*; but neither of them could see as yet. They only felt the drawing of the electric cord; and the feeling was true.

The scene passed; for as the horseman found way, the crowd followed him; but the impressions it left still remained.

The slanting beams of the setting sun now lay, bright and golden, along the declivities of the Sahel mountains, tinging the white walls and buildings of the city, whose airy position, as seen from the distance, appeared even more aerial than its wont; for the whole landscape floated and swam in the mingled waves of amber and carmine, that formed the gorgeous colored light. Broken into a thousand picturesque forms—here thrusting forth a spur, there lifting up a crest, the Sahel range rose suddenly into the bold steepes of per-jura, with their majestic heads lifted into the clouds, and crowned with snow, which the ruby-colored light had now tinged with roses. Beautiful villas, built in a noble style of native architecture, residences of wealthy Turks, and the Moorish gentry, with their exquisite gardens, adorned the terraced declivities, making the whole eastern part of the bay a picture of enchantment; and in the neighborhood of this was the house of Ben Tibboo. Now the moist wing of Evening was laden with the rich perfume of the orange and tube-rose, while the resinous odor of the myrtle trees, and the orris-like breath of violets, met the voluptuous zephyrs that lingered in the Valley of Roses.

It was a fair scene; but the lesson of Beauty fell on sluggish senses; for the indolent Turk, and sanguinary Moor, found their chief joy to sit day after day in their own houses, or in the Cafés, stupefying themselves still more completely, by smoking that preparation of hemp called *hasbich*, which is a narcotic poison of properties similar to those of opium, and which for a time transported them to the highest heaven of ecstasy. They knew not the loving mother who so graciously spread her gifts before them; but there is something assures me that neither the gifts, nor the giver, will always be disregarded; for these men, who possess some noble traits, will, perhaps at no very distant day, come into truer relations with Nature and Mankind, and their beautiful country, which is in some respects one of the finest in the world, will then be brought into the Brotherhood of Nations, as they too will be enrolled in the great Brotherhood of Humanity.

Uman stood looking out over the sea—the blue robed Mediterranean, whose tideless heart lay between him and all he most desired—liberty, and a Land of truer civilization; for the shores of Europe were almost visible to his eye. But again his glance turned westward. Thought outflowed his sight, away—far away over the broad ocean, to that one dearest spot, the house by the river-side that lay in the peaceful arms of his Father-land. The scene rose up out the dim waste, fair and vivid as if it were pictured by the memories of yesterday. The grape-vine over the portico was just putting forth the first buds of spring; the Maple had hung out its profuse branches of crimson keys; the

noble Ash, too, was in full flower, and the lawn was already verdant with the tender green of the young grass. A manly form stood on the threshold; and at the same moment a young mother appeared in the door, bearing an infant in her arms. They were on the eve of departure for a strange land—the wife, true to that mysterious attraction which can bear all things but separation—can dare any death—a thousand deaths—rather than that of absence—was prepared to accompany her husband. How wonderful that this scene, of which no human being had spoken to him since the age of seven years, and which he had never beheld, but by impression, should have been so fondly cherished, that it was now made present, as if with the vivid reality of actual sight. Years had gone—long years of suffering and spiritual loneliness; yet these ineffaceable impressions wore deeper with time; and he pined with insatiable longing for freedom—the full freedom of his Father-land! He yearned to repose within the shadow of his peaceful woods, and to breathe its invigorating air.

So profound was this revery, that he knew not when the golden light faded from tower and minaret; nor did he hear the vibrating music of the Muëzzin's call; "Allah is good. Come to prayer;" but still he leaned from the window.

He was suddenly roused by a fragment of broken coral, which grazed his cheek; and this rough salutation was followed by a low, unearthly muttering of the one hateful word, every letter of which was long drawn out, and impressed in the utterance with a fiendish sneer of exultation—"S-l-a-v-e!"

Involuntarily he cast his eyes below, when there stood Barbeye, the Idiot, with demoniac distortions of the face and body, and discordant yells of laughter; for he seemed to comprehend the extreme acuteness of suffering he had at his command; and he exulted when he could rack the boy's soul on that one barbed and venomous point. Every letter of that agonizing word hurtled through his soul; and the child sank on his knees—not to pray to Allah, nor to praise the Prophet, but to remove himself from that hateful presence, and to conceal the anguish which would only be the occasion of a fresh torture. Against this enemy he had no resource but to avoid him, for the Idiot was protected by his infirmity; and even the master of the household bore his rancorous jests with the greatest good humor.

Uman had sunk upon his knees and prayed. He had never spoken with a Protestant Christian since the evening of his abduction from the plains of Syria; yet, strange to say, a tolerably clear idea of the teachings of that period still remained; though much as he had yearned to know, he had never whispered his thoughts on the subject to a single human being; for the instinct of self-preservation told him that where heads were shaven away for a point of doctrine, the tongue of the good Christian should be mute. And thus his secret faith was for ever fluttering in the child's bosom like a frightened bird; and only when he was roused by the Muëzzin's midnight cry, "Prayer is better than sleep," did he venture to breathe, even in the softest whisper, the name of the Christian Prophet. But now he lost all fear. The agonizing fullness of his bosom demanded utterance, and almost unconsciously he murmured in his native tongue, the simple prayer of infancy, which he had so often lisped at his mother's knee. This was always to him a holy charm, or else he must have forgotten the terms long ago. There was something in the very simplicity of the words "Our Father" that touched and softened his loneliness. He breathed the prayer over and over again, and his throbbing heart grew stiller as he listened to the trembling sound of his own words.

But in spite of all, a crimson spot showed where the smothered indignation was burning through his cheek; and with head bowed down upon his clasped and folded hands, still he lingered on his knees. He rose slowly, and passing to the casement, saw that all the people had resumed their wonted occupations. Then he turned away, creeping into the deepest shadow of the room. He threw himself on a heap of palm-leaves, and in a little space became rigid with the effort to repress his emotions, for that scorpion word was still stinging in his soul, and there was no medicine that could allay his maddening

torture. It was in vain that he struggled; still the echo of that one syllable smote into his bosom, like a tooth of fire gnashing at his heart-strings! It was unnatural—it was monstrous—and the very first instincts of humanity told him so. But for this consciousness how happy might he have been—treated kindly and cherished tenderly as he was! And yet, he felt all that is worst and bitterest in slavery, a galling and deadly sense of the chain. He had been sold and bought with money. He had been bartered for goods as an ox of the stall; and he knew that he might be again—exchanged, perhaps, for a few strings of beads, or dolls, or toys for the Harem children. He was not free to grow into a proper manhood—to develop like a human being. He was not free to utter his truest thoughts, nor to exercise his clearest reason; and his dearest faith was hid away in his bosom, like an illicit piece of merchandise. He was sprung of a developed race, and the very instincts of his Anglo-Saxon lineage cried for development in turn. By right of nature he inherited advance-ground; and a higher plain than he beheld around him was his by the inalienable heirship of Fitness, and the preparation of ages. He had imbibed aspiration with the first nutriment and nurture his mother gave him; and even against all encumbrances, by its ever-ascending forces, he was borne upward. He comprehended enough of this to know that he was in a false position, but not enough to perceive whither it led him, or he might have been less miserable.

Again was he attracted to the window; for the low, melancholy songs of the galley slaves, keeping time to the stroke of their oars, had an indescribable charm for him. Perhaps it was sympathy, perhaps pity, or it might be a mingling of both. Now he listens to the soft and solemn flow of the rhythmic story. "A young galley slave stood looking at his chains; and tears flowed, for he was alone; but tears could not melt them away. An angel stood on the black cloud that was already gathering, and he said, 'Work; work truly, and be free.' The winds blew, and the tempest rose, but the boiling sea was not the grave of the stranger; for he lay panting on the broad bosom of the galley slave. Then the chains fell from his limbs; and as he went forth, free, the angel appeared again, saying, 'Work; for only the true worker shall have that full freedom which is the life of the soul.'" The words of that song, which are even now so well remembered, left an indelible impression on the boy's mind, though he could not yet fully comprehend them. Oppressed by a feeling of sympathy which awakened the saddest thoughts, he still lingered at the window, and watched the glancing of the boats in the moonlight; for they were conveying men and passengers ashore, from a vessel which, by some few characteristics, such as he could discern from the distance, and in a faint moonlight, he thought must be an English ship, just come in. This feeling of melancholy deepened, when he saw the poor slaves silently going away to the gloom and filth of the Pagnios. He thought, however, that they were more happy than himself, because they did not feel their condition, though every one of them might, perhaps, pay the price of his head for the most trivial fault. And is that consciousness which springs from superior intelligence, though it makes the chief bitterness of slavery, really a misfortune? Let no advocate of that system which suppresses light in order to make better slaves, answer yea; for every shortest step, every faintest ray of light, every smallest point of progress, has its value to the human being, whose only true life is progress: and any suffering—all suffering—is better than inaction—inanity. Uman could not yet look at the question in this light; for what child of bare thirteen could do so? and now the whole agonizing consciousness of his condition suddenly rushed over, and with a fearful strength smote through him, keen-edged and terrible as the shining blade of Damascus.

He turned from the window, and rapidly walked to and fro, as far as the walls of his small chamber would permit. But the motion did not quiet him. The crimson spot in his cheek burnt deeper; the light in his eyes grew more wild and fearful; the stone in his breast heavier and colder; the fire in his brain more intolerably cruel and scorching. Terrible, in that hour, was the fierce struggle in the

bosom of the fatherless—the motherless—in the heart of the slave—in the soul of the free-born child of Freedom! Long years have passed—a long life of hardships, sufferings, and sorrows that might have crushed many, lies between that hour and the present—yet even now, as I look back over the dark billows of life, I can see the young heart writhing in the lurid fires of anguish, until, in the stinging intensity of its torture, it came to believe that all the suffering in the world was concentrated in itself, and all else was one great waste of blank unconsciousness, that neither felt, nor thought, nor cared for suffering. And even when the storm of passion had melted itself away in unwonted tears, so awful was the sense of this great loneliness, that he felt as if there was nothing—not even God, nor the good Prophet, nor the spirit of his mother—that had either life, or knowledge of his being. Every thing that could protect him was dead; and he, alone, lived and suffered.

With this impression, he sank into a kind of paralyzing stupor; for the powers of life were nearly exhausted; and happily, ere the cord snapped asunder, he fell back, senseless to the external scene. But after lapsing into the quietude of repose, his interior consciousness expanded; and then he knew that his head rested on a loving bosom, and he was enfolded with tender arms. He could not see the form, though it was floating beside him in the air. Soft and delicious, beyond all power of language to describe, were his sensations. Even now their memory, as if endowed with inexhaustible electricity, is thrilling in the old man's heart! Not one word was spoken; but the hour was replete with instruction. Young as he was, he learned something then of that true self-hood which no fetter can bind—no scourge can lacerate—no degradation can sully—no power can crush—no fate can subdue—so long as it is true to itself, and its divine aspirations.

He felt the soul suddenly grow large and strong in his bosom; and then he almost envied the slaves in the Bagnios, or chained to the galleys; for he yearned to test his strength, though it might be by greater suffering. Then he sank away so dreamily into a refreshing and blissful slumber; and his mother took him by the hand, and led him forth into a new scene; and while he yet dreamed, a slave from the harem came to summon him into the presence of his mistress, and at length awoke him with exclamations of wonder at the agitation of his countenance.

"Holy Allah preserve thee!" were the first words that met his ear. Then a hand was laid on his brow, gently, and even kindly; and when he was full awake he was desired to follow the slave.

He arose quickly, and gathering up the basket he had lately finished, with several others, which he intended as a present for his mistress, he prepared to obey. He found her in great sorrow. She was standing in the midst of her maidens, weeping piteously. They had all left their common household occupations, which she usually superintended, to comfort her. Loom, distaff, corn-mill, and embroidery frames, were left idle. It was in vain that her maidens of the toilet brought their apparatus to arrange and color her eye-brows, to tinge the lids and finger-tips, and perfume the hair, that she might assert the power of her really splendid person, and perhaps regain her former sway. But there was something deeper even than this insulted wife-hood, that now lay struggling in her heart.

When she first saw Uman, tears and sobs checked her utterance; but relieved at length, in the poetic language of her clime, she thus addressed him: "Child of the Bountiful! have I not loved thee, and cherished thee, as the Moon the young Star that hideth in her mantle? O, my son! my son! Must I indeed lose thee?"

Then in a low husky voice, she whispered in his ear, "Lose no time. Hasten to the Café of Plane-trees; for he has taken a new favorite—a fair maiden of the Georgian hill-sides. And thou"—the words seemed to choke as she uttered them—"thou must pay her price. Yes, my son! Light of the household of Ben Tibboo! Thou art sold!—SOLD!!"

The last word was uttered with a shriek. Then drawing him to her bosom with an agonizing embrace, she whispered faintly: "Go, go. Let me see thee no more, for I can not bear it."

She sank on her couch; and when he sought to approach and comfort her, she only motioned him away.

At the same moment Barbeye, who always scented mischief as a vulture death, by a kind of fiendish instinct, put his hideous head in at the door, and chuckled out; Slave! "Bought! Sold! He-h-h!! New wife come. Old wife go. Ha-h-h!!"

Uman was so completely bewildered that the cruel jest for once lost its sting.

He was led from the room by an attending slave, and almost dragged to the Café of Plane-trees. He heeded not the perfume of dainty flowers that came from all those terraced gardens that skirted the way. He felt not the thrilling star-beams nor the tender moonlight. He heard not the music of the waters, that sang so sighingly in the soft night air, that pleasantest of all songs to a son of the Orient. He saw, knew, heard, felt nothing, but the great wrong—the inhuman degradation he was called to meet. Was he, indeed, a cherished son—the chosen heir of the rich Ben Tibboo? or a chattel—bought—and sold—a piece of merchandise—a thing? Had he no heart—no feeling—no rights in any form, that should be consulted in this arrangement? Alas for him! and alas for many other slaves! neither the law, nor the Customs of the Social State, required any recognition of such a principle. For a while a vague apprehension of this almost crushed him. But the true Self-hood, which had but lately been roused, was really awake; and he knew that nothing could touch *that*.

He rose from the dust. He stood erect. He trod majestically; and when he met Ben Tibboo, the Master stood abashed in the presence of his bartered Slave. He could not even conduct the proper business until Uman had been taken from the room. This was not, however, until after he had been formally introduced to the very Englishman he had lately encountered; for he was to be his purchaser. What his fate was to be, he knew not. There were many pleasant things in Algiers; but the rest of the world was, as yet, all a blank.

He returned no more to his master's house. Many love-tokens from Noëma, and others of her household, came with the small parcel of his possessions; and as he passed by the house, in going to the ship, he heard the taunting voice of Barbeye, following his master, who had probably stolen out to have a last glimpse of the boy, he perhaps really loved, "New wife scratch! bite! Sheick! Ha-h-h-h!!"

The boat that took him on board was manned by galley slaves; and he heard the same song that affected him so much the previous evening. He listened till the sounds died away in the distance; for the slaves still repeated their song. "The angel said; Work, work truly; and be free." This was the last music of Algiers.

With that still intensity of feeling in which sensation almost dies, he stood leaning over the ship's side, still gazing back to the home, where he had left at least one true and loving heart. Would he ever find another home—another friend like her? To these questions the great sad blank of the Future gave no reply.

At length the house faded from his vision. Then Algiers, itself, was only a small white cloud on the eastern horizon. Again, it was a dot—a mere point. Then it was wholly gone; for the sorrowing Angel of the Past dropped her shadowy curtain over the closing scene.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.—IN such an hour as this, I delight to dwell upon the theme I love; I delight to reflect upon the works of God and upon the glory of his character; I discover that which seems to raise my soul above the earth.

Poverty, toil, and oppression, may blast the fair buds of hope and promise in the heart, and may hurry to the grave—but yet for this, why should I weep? Just beyond the thorny path that here I tread, I can behold the glorious light of immortality. The light of truth can make the darkest paths seem bright; not all the powers of earth can bind the soul, that in some hour of glory, it may burst its chains and soar in freedom through the realms of light, to worship Him who has implanted in the breast the love divine that lives through endless ages.

ESMERALDA'S DREAM.

BY AMY A. BISHOP.

Down the narrow path that divides yon sunny slope, I watched her coming. She was my only sister, a fair imaginative child, and much younger than I. She paused, not as was her wont, to gather the tiny blue-eyed weeds, or to press the tender grass-blades to her lips. She loved so much all the first signs of spring. Her head was bent; and she stepped slowly. I called to her.

"Esmeralda!"

She looked up; and hastening toward me, soon stood by my side, her blue eyes smiling the affection that she felt for me.

"You called me;" she said.

"Ay, your downcast look under such a heaven, in such an air as this, made me wonder. Of what were you dreaming, sister?"

"Of nothing sorrowful," she gaily replied. "I was listening to my own happy thoughts." She hesitated, and then spoke in a more subdued tone. "Elbert, you have seen our mother. Do I resemble her?"

"You are the image of her" I answered, "yet why do you ask?"

"O Elbert, I have seen her!" she cried. "Nay, do not look so surprised, and grieved. I am not crazed. It was like a dream, and yet so real. Listen! and I will tell you about it. I have not been happy of late. True, you did not know it; for I hid it from you. Our new mother has no sympathy, no feeling, no taste in common with me. It is not her fault. I do not blame her; and yet I have often wished that earth had some little spot where I might enjoy my simple tastes, unmolested by her severity and prejudices. I have rebelled in spirit, and murmured bitterly in my secret mind, unthinking even of God's ever-listening ear. And yesterday, when I paused at my work to listen for a moment to the robins in the orchard, and wept as I remembered how my father had told me of my mother's love for their melody, she struck me with her hard hand, and called me idle, although I have done more than a day's task of late, purposely to win her approbation. The blood rushed to my face; and overcome with anger, I threatened that our father should know some fault of hers, which she well might guess his stern, unrelenting spirit would scarce forgive. Then she crouched, and begged at my feet; and I spurned her from me, and rushed out into the open air. I was so wild I scarce remember any thing, till I stood upon the lake-shore. How it mocked me with its still serenity! I followed its sandy beach till I reached the rude rocky staircase, and the arbor-like cave, where all our treasures of shells and minerals are stored. I threw myself on the seat of stone, and wept, and moaned aloud. Oh life—life! how I loathed it! and death—why would it not come, when I so earnestly longed for it? Those glassy waves, whose swell rippled almost unheard at my feet—why might I not leap into their arms, and be borne out into the deep, dark waters, where death and forgetfulness might fold me forever?"

"I wept till a drowsy feeling overpowered me; and though I must have slept, I was conscious of being in that grotto, and of hearing a bird singing in some branches above, when I seemed to float in a soft, golden light, that upheld me as the air does the thistle-down. A tall, airy figure, the brightness of whose face dazzled me, approached, and looked at me with calm, angelic eyes. Oh, she was beautiful beyond any thing that I ever saw, and yet there was some thing in her face that reminded me of myself—not that I have her look of heavenly, dazzling purity, or that divine sweetness that breathed from every feature, like blended rays of light. Oh, no; for I felt that I was like darkness beside the day!"

"I called her mother; but I spoke no word aloud; and she answered me; 'My child'—Oh how her words, that had no sound, thrilled through me!—I am ever near thee, thou art never alone. In the still watches of the night I lean above and bless thee, my darling! my Esmeralda!"

"She paused; and her eyes looked sadly into mine as she continued; 'Child, every act of thine has its influence on the life which will be unfolded, when thou comest to our Spirit-home. Would'st thou enter

into pure and sublime enjoyments when thou leavest the earth, and behold before thee, without bar or hindrance, the vast Future of glorious progression; or would'st thou enter here with stains and deformities, disfiguring thy spiritual garments, and blinding the eyes of the soul? O my daughter, let not thy groping footsteps linger in dark places, and thy passage be retarded in the path of progress. Listen to the inner voice. Thou knowest what that voice would whisper to thee now. Repent! forgive! forbear! Dear child, thou art the especial object of my watch and care. Fear not any care or trouble; for I behold thy future; and though sore trials shall call forth the patience and strength of thy soul, yet heavenly light shall rest, like a stooping dove, over the portals of the Spirit-world when thou shalt pass. Dear one, I may sometime speak to thee again, as now; but that voice—that inner voice that answers ever to thy questionings, or, unsought, counsels and chides thee, is thy sure dependence.' Saying this with a most heavenly smile, she receded from my vision; the golden light faded, and that of common day was around me."

"It was a most beautiful dream, at least;" I began, as she ceased to speak. "I would gladly have such a dream."

"Nay, listen my brother," she said; "you can not know how softened and delightful were all my emotions. In the place of hate I felt forgiveness mingled with self-reproach. Despair was changed to hope; and I looked abroad over the lake with an airy sweep of feeling, as though my soul went with my gaze, hovering and floating over the sparkling waters."

"Up the narrow path I bounded, and stood once more on the threshold of the door, where I had last trod with such different feelings. Our step-mother looked not up as I entered. I went and stood by her side. I dropped on my knees at her feet, and begged her forgiveness. She turned her astonished eyes upon me; and tears started in them."

"It is thou," said she, throwing her arms around me, "who shouldst forgive, and I who should plead for pardon!" Her good angel had been counselling her, too, I must believe. She confessed that she had often wronged me, and said that with God's help, never should it be so again. And will you believe it? I felt affection springing up in my heart for her, and experienced only pity for her faults, which must render her more unhappy than they do others. How lovely are forgiveness and forbearance! How happy they have made me! All day I have felt as if our mother's spirit leaned over me with a heavenly smile of approval. I am so happy! Let us go in our boat out upon the lake, and I will sing for you."

Out on the softly heaving waters she poured forth with her clear, happy voice, our favorite little

SONG.

The sullen clouds sweep o'er the sky,
The wild winds lash the wave;
The maddened billows to the strand
With fury, rush and rave.

But when the sky imbends its brow
The mighty winds forbear;
And the lake all smiles around its isles,
Folds arms as soft as air.

THE MECHANIC.—You may sometimes meet, at an early hour in the morning, an individual, perhaps partially wrapped in woolen and cotton fabrics of doubtful tint, whose rapid pace tells you that he is a mechanic on his way to his daily task. Did it ever accidentally enter into your head that under all these swarthy coverings and manifold disadvantages, there dwelt a MAN—that there resides a soul; a mind mayhap, with "thoughts that wander through eternity?" He makes no noise in the world, nevertheless has his value. The true craftsman attracts little notice, yet all around you see his works. Go where you will, the mechanic has left his mark. In the gray old pyramids, in the huge oak leviathans of the ocean, and in almost every spot where the foot of civilized man has ever trodden, his handiwork is visible. Even in the midst of the desert, you may hear the clank of his earth-subduing engines. He has enabled the water drop to expand with the power of ten thousand giants, and to bear the fleets of commerce upon every sea.

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